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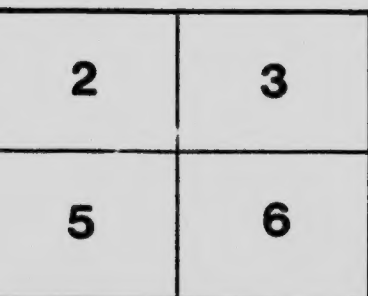
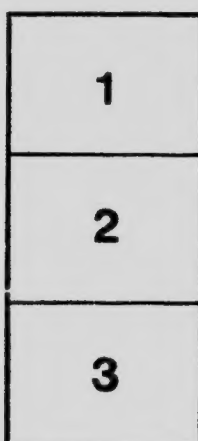
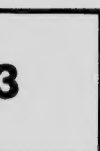
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~~14/~~ **President
Wilson and
Mexico**

UNITED CHURCH
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BY
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Winnipeg, Manitoba

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President Wilson and Mexico.

Deut. 32.8—When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel.

For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.

Patriotism is a nation's tender regard for its own record, history and achievement, and in the literature of every nation, worthy of the name, there are to be found superb expressions of love, affection and sincere appreciation for national ideals, heroes, and, as yet, unrealized hopes. No people ever manifested a more commendable type of patriotism than Israel. The Hebrew's love for his native land, was and is, the pathetic fact of his history. Palestine, protected on the west by the sea, on the east by the deepest and most eccentric river in the world, on the south by the dreary waste of a well-nigh trackless desert and on the north by the snow-crowned peaks of Lebanon—Palestine, with its famous battle fields, its shady rills, and its ten thousand hills gilded with the golden light of memory—Palestine lying midway in history between the throbbing civilizations of Greece, Assyria and Egypt, like a jewel of peculiar brightness set in a circle of solid gold—Palestine was to the Jew the historic incarnation of every holy ideal and the standing prophecy of every coming glory. Therefore the Hebrew prophet exclaimed: When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord's portion is his people, Jacob is the lot of His inheritance."

It is well for us to remember that patriotism is a thing which is localized by a thousand geographical divisions, but the quality of it is always the same. To the Englishman, England is a garden spot. To the Scotchman, Scotland is the land of the heather. To the Irishman, Ireland is the Emerald Isle. To the Japanese, Japan is the land of the Rising Sun. To the Italian, Italy is the land of art and beauty. To the German, Germany is the land of the castle-bordered Rhine. To the Frenchman, France is the land of fair flowers, lovely women and beautiful children. To the American, the United States is "God's country." To the Canadian, Canada is the land of the maple leaf and the future throne of empire and democracy. And Mexico is to the Mexican, the sweetest land beneath the skies; a land of birds and flowers, hills and vales, river and lake,

forest and plantation—a land where beauty is enthroned forever in the gorgeous colors of the day and in the silent splendors of the night.

When I desire to preach a "foreign missionary" sermon to an unsuspecting audience, I deliver a discourse about some, far distant, nation which happens, just for the moment, to be in the lime-light. For, I must present my "foreign missionary" exhortations by guile. There are two subjects which are supposed to be mentally exhausted: "foreign missions" and "intemperance." The people imagine that they know all that they ought to know about one and more than they care to know about the other. So, having a conviction that I ought to preach about both, I wait for the psychological moment when the drunkard has battered his wife into a bundle of bruises or when Mexico is threatened with an invasion from the United States—this is the psychological moment for a sermon on "Mexico."

And, I am justified in preaching a sermon of national proportions, for, the International Book, is national in its base and international in its apex. The Bible is a universal book. Across its pages there pass, hither and yon, the imperial tides of history. What awful doom is pronounced upon the nation which forgets God:—"Before Him shall be gathered all nations"—our theme is biblical.

The greatest game is the game of the nations and that game is played by politicians, statesmen and diplomat. The United States has two neighbors — Canada on the north and Mexico on the south. Canada is the hinge between the Old World and the New. We ought to be interested in the game of the nations. And from the standpoint of our own geographical relationship, there are two things in which we ought to have a special and peculiar interest, namely, the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal.

The Panama Canal will be the new cross-roads of the sea. A narrow track of land and a narrow sheet of water, joining two oceans and two continents, form a great geographical CROSS. Keep your eye on the Cross. You will find the cross in history, astronomy, architecture, chemistry, physiology, geology and in every nook and crook of nature. In the cross is the secret of the solution of all the problems of life, individual, social and international. I speak as a mystic. Study the meaning of the cross.

The opening of the Panama Canal will mark the marriage of two great oceans. The Atlantic of History and the Pacific of Prophecy will meet and merge. Thus will be formed a new highway upon the seas. The canal will open a new route to Australia, New Zealand, China, and the islands of the sea. The Panama Canal is a channel fifty miles long, from deep water to

deep water, from sea to sea, from ocean to ocean. The canal zone is a strip of land, ten miles wide, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is the home of the greatest engineering feat known to history. The canal will be opened in 1915, when a procession of ships representing all the navies of the world, will pass through this liquid pathway of commerce. If I am your pastor at that time I would like to be sent by this church to the place where the seas kiss and the continents converge, as a delegate representing Winnipeg's universal interest and concern for all things both Anglo-Saxon and international.

The Monroe Doctrine is a political principle, laid down by James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States, some ninety years ago. That principle stated in a sentence and congested in a nutshell is this: The United States being a republic and the governments of Mexico and South America being republican in their form, the United States, the strongest among these, in numbers, wealth, influence, and position, assumes the leadership in the matter of protecting the principle of a republican form of government on the continents of North and South America, from Asiatic or European interference. If the governments of Europe were, individually or collectively, to concentrate on the virgin soil of the New World and seek to plunder the young republics of Central and South America, the principle of democracy would be imperilled, the safety of American republics, north and south, threatened, and the peace of the world endangered.

To re-state the doctrine, there is a group of young republics in South America. These republics are too weak to protect themselves from Asiatic or European interference. They possess vast stretches of territory—exceedingly tempting to the crowded nations of the Old World. The United States, in following the Monroe Doctrine, protects itself, and in protecting itself, it protects the twenty-one republics of South America. The Monroe Doctrine means that the New World can handle its own affairs. The United States, in the name of our New World democracy, says to the whole world: "Hands Off!" And if the United States says to the world, "Hands Off" then the leading American republic must be prepared to act in any emergency which may arise. Up to the present time the United States has succeeded in avoiding all interference from Europe and Asia.

The future work of the American republic, in the realm of international affairs, is to exercise such a gentle pressure and fostering care as to bring into a holy and happy alliance all the nations of the New World. What we need, today, is a pan-American Parliament, in which Canada and the South American possessions of Great Britain should be represented. God hasten the day when the states of the world will be one state. And every approach to

a federation of states helps forward the hour when there shall be "one God and one humanity"—The United States of America! The United States of South America! The United States of Europe! The United States of the British Empire! The United States of the World. At the present time "patriotism" is almost the most expensive thing in the world. We could do with a few less flags. Howbeit we would not be willing to give up the flag with the cross on it.

The problem which the United States has to deal with is expressed in that phrase: "Latin America." The republics of Central and South America are separated from the great American republic by a barrier higher than any mountain range which ever stood between two nations, even the barrier of language. The United States in facing the greatest crisis of one hundred years in dealing with the twenty-one Latin American republics. Perhaps you did not recall the fact, but the population of these republics is not less than seventy million people. And these republics are entering upon a period of national consciousness. They are proud of their institutions and envious of outside dictation or interference.

President Woodrow Wilson, in his address at Mobile, Alabama, last October, said: "There is only one cloud upon our horizon and that hangs over Mexico." This morning we turn our eyes toward Mexico. Warfare in Northern Mexico has lasted three years since Madero raised the standard of revolt against Diaz. Mexico is in the limelight. He who has anything to say about Mexico should say it now. This is the psychological moment to consider the evangelization of the beautiful regions lying far to the south of us.

When God would open up a new country he permits attention to be drawn to its material treasures: gold, silver, oil, copper, lead, iron and precious stones. Mexico is fabulously rich in oil—and the world needs oil. Mexico is probably the richest mineral region in the world. Mexico is a garden-spot. Mexico, the beautiful! Mexico has the bluest of blue skies, great mountain peaks enthroned in an atmosphere of purple and gold, roses that bloom perpetually and birds that sing continually. "The violets are always sweet and the ivy and honeysuckle ever climbing up toward the stars." There nature robes herself in colors which are gay and hues which are brilliant all unconscious of the shocking deeds of man. And Mexico is South America in miniature. The continent of South America will some day occupy an influential position in the world.

The revolutions in Mexico centre around the land question. Mexico will never be a happy country until the great estates are broken up. There are fifteen million people in Mexico, but six thousand people own the land. Those six thousand land owners run the go-

ernment and when they "fall out by the way" then you hear of a revolution. The battling in Mexico is between the chiefs of the great clans—the land owners.

The society in Mexico has always been based on the feudal system. The big land owners "vote" the people like cattle. In Mexico a man has no right to think, no right to possess, no right to vote, and scarcely the right to live. There is no middle class in Mexico. Society is either all up or all down. The disease in Mexico is social, religious, moral and spiritual. In Mexico they are trying to produce a civilization out of material which is as yet barbaric.

In the avalanche of rumors, reports, announcements and ultimata, two strong characters stand forth—President Wilson and General Huerta. Woodrow Wilson refuses to recognize Huerta or his government. Huerta came into power by the assassination of his predecessor. The United States is in the "republic" business and it cannot afford to recognize or even countenance, the assassination of lawfully elected presidents.

General Huerta is a born fighter. His mother was a full blooded Indian, feminine gender, of course. Listen to Huerta, the fighter, "Mexico can do without her priests, but she cannot do without her soldiers"—and again—"Slay your enemy or your enemy will slay you." Huerta is the incarnation of the Mexican spirit.

Woodrow Wilson is the present day "man of destiny" in American politics. He is the man of the hour and the man for the hour. By birth he is a Southern; by profession an educationalist; by tradition, a democrat; by religion, a Presbyterian; by nature, a diplomat; by convictions, a progressive, by destiny a president and withal a man. He possesses a genius for leadership. His power is in his directness. He has four kinds of sight—sight, foresight, hind sight and insight. He can see. He wears his own spectacles. He looks straight before him. His hearing is as keen as his eyesight is good. He knows what is "going on," and, furthermore, unlike some of the politicians of Manitoba, he knows what is going to go on.

Woodrow Wilson is of the snow-white species—clean, clear, honest, sincere, straightforward, direct and without hypocrisy. My father was a "black republican," nevertheless I admire Woodrow Wilson. A kind destiny presides over the American people. Politicians may write the platforms of great parties and statesmen announce the war cry for every special occasion, but God selects the new tenant for the White House. The American people have been fortunate in the selection of their presidents. Here's to Woodrow Wilson, the prophet of the people and the man for the hour! Canada wishes thee well!

But why does Woodrow Wilson hesitate to advance upon Mexico? Why

delay? Has not the hour come for the exercise of a strong authority? Has not revolt been added to revolt and revolution to revolution? Should not a people who have shown slight genius for self-government be taken in hand? When Americans, resident in Mexico, are driven from their homes by fear and fright, has not the hour come for action? Should not the industries, subsidized by American and British wealth, be sheltered by a manifestation of wrath and power? Is not our Southern Neighbor under obligation to preserve, intact, the civilization of our western hemisphere? Why does President Wilson hesitate?—Here is our answer:

First. Should an American army cross the Rio Grande into Mexico, that military advance would be the signal for the massacre of thousands of foreigners of different nationalities. The average Mexican is an admixture, in blood, of Spaniard, Aztec and Indian. These, mixed races, are living in a condition scarcely higher than barbarism. Life, in Mexico, is held to be a cheap thing. The knife, revolver and bludgeon are on the person of every other passing citizen. A brain inflamed with drink is athirst for blood. Declaration of war would mean instant bloodshed. The innocent would be slain by the thousands. President Wilson knows this.

Second. Mexico is a vast country without roads or highways. A war in such a country would be endless. War with Mexico would mean the employment of two hundred thousand men for a period of two years at an expenditure of a million dollars a day. There is nothing so dangerous in international relationships as war. Considering inside conditions and outside relationships, the most problematical proposition would be a war between Mexico and the United States. President Wilson is not indifferent to this fact.

Third. President Wilson desires to act in conjunction with the British Empire and carry with him the good opinion of the international world. The Parliament of Man already exists. Its enactments are breathed forth in that mysterious but universal voice called "public sentiment" or "public opinion." Today, there are three kinds of opinion: Private opinions, public opinion and international opinion. A wise leader will consult all three. President Wilson's determination not to be swept into a questionable war, which would open the door for land-hounds to satisfy their hunger for new territory, has called forth the enthusiastic praise of every student of modern diplomacy.

Fourth. General Huerta is an old man — dissipated and ill-tempered. Huerta is a man much stronger than many suppose, but not strong enough to bear the burdens which he has assumed and under which he is seeking to sustain himself. His throne of political power is tottering to its fall. The hand is not so steady, the eye so keen.

on the judgment sure as in former days. Seasons . . . prolonged debauch have robbed the old general of sane preception, statesmanlike foresight and iron will. At any moment he may be swept from his seat of power by a populace who will also ask for intervention and help. President Wilson is wise in his hesitation.

Fifth. War is absolutely the last step in the wisdom of modern diplomacy. A statesman of a different temperament would have "plunged in" for the sake of glory, fame, honor, power and an extended national territory--and this would have been in harmony with the wishes and demands of scores of self-interested magnates who never tire in asking for "protection"; and who would be willing to prosper through the blunders and plunders of war—but Woodrow Wilson has withstood all these. His self control has spelled PEACE. If Woodrow Wilson ever strikes a blow, it will be with the universal approval of Christendom. His patience has been superb.

In closing this discourse let me ask three questions:

Why has Latin America lingered while Anglo-Saxon America has prospered? The "civilization" of Mexico is much older than the civilization of New England. Climate will account for much, but climate will not account for all. What is the difference between Mexico and America? I answer: Mexico is a wrecked piece of the ancient empire of Spain. For three hundred years Mexico was a Spanish possession. In 1824 Mexico became an independent nation. But a nation cannot leap into the higher conditions of a new life simply by issuing a declaration of independence. More than eighty per cent. of the people of Mexico are illiterate. One fact will reveal the religious condition of Mexico, namely, upon the doors and entrances of the great church buildings, in Mexico, are posted notices of indulgences, such as Luther sounded forth his protest against, four hundred years ago. The Roman Catholicism of the United States is vastly superior to the Roman Catholicism of Mexico and South America.

Why has the average Mexican small respect for the American? Mexico is the land where life is cheap and the "dollar" looms large. This land has been exploited by so-called Americans. One rascal can do more evil than one hundred decent citizens can atone for. Every man represents the country in which he was born. When my native-born neighbor defrauds me I charge it to his innate depravity; but when a foreigner cheats me, I exclaim: "What else could you expect from a Chinaman?" Every man represents or misrepresents his own country. We stain the reputation of our own fair land by the sins we commit. The fact that the men of the South are suspicious of the men of the North is no compliment either to the United States or Canada. Canada and the United States are too much alike that we should throw

stones at each other. Like elder brothers in the federation of states we must furnish an example in character and citizenship.

The Anglo-Saxons of North America must present a noble ideal in all that pertains to a surviving civilization to the Latin republics of South America. By international sympathy and noble self-control we must lead the way to all that is best in manly character and splendid nationhood. Our sympathies must be broad, our motives pure, our actions above suspicion, and our ultimate design prophetic with the thought of achieving a universal race, which shall pulse warm with a blood enriched by contributions from every tribe, race, and nation. To do this our thoughts must be world-wide in their proportions.

It is time to think in continents. God has given us vast mountains, great oceans, broad prairies, enormous rivers, splendid inland seas; can we match these by great continental and international thoughts?

God is looking for a race; a race which shall lead the nations of the earth. That race must have a world-religion, a world language, a world-policy and a world-program. There are world problems which must be solved. There is coming on the scene of action a new race, an imperial race; in the physiognomy of which the features of every great nation will be reflected. The Anglo-Saxon with the face of Shakespeare, the Englishman with the face of Gladstone, the Russian with the face of Tolstoi, the Frenchman with the face of Victor Hugo, the German with the face of Bismarck, the Scotchman with the face of Knox, the Welshman with the face of Christmas Evans, the Irishman with the face of Daniel O'Connell, the Bohemian with the face of Huss, the Jew with the face of Disraeli, and the Italian with the face of Michael Angelo. A race imperial in the quality of its brotherhood, wearing the garland of a universal sympathy. A race which shall write the first lines of the world's anthem and prepare the fabric of a universal ensign.

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than ere the world hath known
shall rise

With flame of freedom their souls
And light of knowledge in their
eyes.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
And all the earth a paradise!

The world which produced a Plato,
a Shakespeare, and a Jesus, will yet
be one world. History will yet fulfil
the dream of Walt. Whitman. "What
whispers are these, oh land, running
ahead of you and passing under the
seas? Are all nations communing?
Is there going to be but one heart to
the globe?"

What is the greatest need in Mexi-

co, today? The greatest need in Mexico today is true statesmanship and wise leadership. Mexico needs a man. One man with a genius for doing the right thing and leading the way, shall save Mexico. Thomas Carlyle congested in one sentence, the need of every growing village, rising city, expanding commonwealth and sovereign empire, when he said "FIND YOUR MAN AND ALL ELSE WILL FOLLOW."

THE BULLETIN

The blizzard on Monday evening last tested the interest in the Young People's meeting, and it stood the test well for we had a splendid crowd; this augurs well, and next week, with a very special programme of peculiar interest, and no blizzard, we ought to have the room full. You are all invited to get in on this surprise programme and you will have a real good time Monday next at 8 o'clock.

While the blizzard blew on the outside of the Arena rink, there was whirlwind play on the inside on Monday, when our senior boys played Sparling in the second of the Sunday School Athletic League games and scored six goals to two. Bravo fellows. keep up the record.

It would do some of our readers good to get out and "root" for these fellows once in a while. They play their next match in the Manitoba College rink at 7 o'clock on Monday next, where they meet the Young Church team. The seniors play First Baptist at the Amphitheatre rink on Thursday night at 10:30. Inspire the fellows by your presence.

Wednesday evening is the evening for our Social Service; we shall have special hymns and solos, and there are real good chances that a chat over a cup of tea will conclude a most interesting and inspiring programme. Now don't complain you are a stranger and lonely, and that no one speaks to you; here is the one meeting of the whole week which is especially designed to dispel loneliness and to generate genuine fellowship; come as early as you can, your presence will help someone else.

Talk about Church Union! We have it already at Central. During the year we have received some 206 new members, representing not less than ten different sections of the Christian Church?

It is significant to note that the three denominations who are negotiating for union head the list with Congregationalist 56 and Presbyterian 46 and Methodists 43, while the balance is made up from Anglicans, United Free Church of Scotland, Parish Church of Scotland, Baptists, Roman Catholics, Friends, and the Salvation Army. We are also splendidly cosmopolitan: of the same number there are Canadians 59, English 55, Americans 37, Scotch 30.

and the balance representing Wales, Ireland, French Canada, Sweden, and Australia.

Come in and be one with us, stranger; join us in this splendid fellowship for God and humanity and you will find new currents of spiritual power coming your way. God intends that you should be victorious. It will help you to link up. Shall be glad to hear from any time. Phone Sher. 348.

Please acquaint us with your change of address; quite a bunch of letters came back this week not delivered, so if you did not receive one phone in your address to the office, Garry 1044. Every morning from 9 till 12 and Wednesday evening from 7 till 8. This is also the time to apply for sittings and to get your systematic giving envelopes.

"If thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand."

Yours for service,

ERNEST R. WEEKS,

Associate Pastor.

EPIGRAMS BY DR. GORDON

People who belong to the lowest class are first class people if you begin your classification at the right end.

A picture of Jesus needs no name beneath it—that face is known to all.

If Sunday is the "Lord's Day"—to whom do the other six days belong.

Anarchy says, "Down with everything that's up." Christianity says, "Up with everything that's down."

The true sailor steers by the stars.

The lowest man is nearer God than the highest animal.

Every man ought to have his hobby and every woman her hubby.

Most of the tragedies of life pivot on the surrender of one personality to another.

Write the history of the human heart and you will have all humanity for your readers.

Many a single man leads a double life and many a married man leads a singular life.

Men are prone to substitute parliamentary legislation for social regeneration.

The man without children will make a poor ancestor; but his descendants will never live to be ashamed of him.

Many a letter has been buried alive
in the dead-letter office.

Jesus Christ divided humanity into
two classes "He that is not for me,
is against me."

I have three neighbors; the man who
loves me, the man who hates me, and
the man who is indifferent to me.

The biggest sin is the first sin.

Were it not for childhood the home
would not exist and society would be
merely a name.

There are illegitimate fathers and
illegitimate mothers, but there are no
illegitimate children.

When a man asserts "I know it all,"
get a microscope and examine the
"it."

You may be proud of your grandfa-
ther; would your grandfather be
proud of you?

Scenery differs in the matter of
beauty, but we like the place where
we have been successful.

You cannot elevate the masses with-
out an elevator.

Adam was the most original man
who ever lived—he copied none.

There is a religion which seems to
have a monopoly of "governed immor-
alities."

The narrow way that leads directly
upward, need not be broad—for few
travel in it.

A man may get and not gain.

There are two prodigal sons and
one of them never comes back.

That man must be a confirmed fool
who can be fooled twice by the same
individual.

Every door has two sides—so has
the door of death.

Good men bless the world. Splendid
men realize the ideals of an age. Great
men achieve the impossible.

In every realm of art much depends
on knowing how much to omit.

It is possible to be better off and
still no better.

An ounce of imitation is better than
an ocean of praise.

Life is a forced march—a mile an hour and twenty-four miles to the day.

If Johnson had had no Boswell, history would have had no Johnson.

Judas has had superiors in treason, but Judas got into the lime-light of history.

Influence is usually unconscious on the part of those who exert it.

Earth is only a side-show—the main performance is farther on.

The lowest in the nature of God is the highest in the nature of man.

The foolish son of a fool is a chip of the old blockhead.

No individual ever created a language, but the nearest approach is in the invention of a word.

There are three perplexing things to be "in": in debt, in doubt, and in love.

The Bible did not create religion. Religion created the Bible.

The hammer strikes no sparks from an unresisting substance.

Time is the best fortune teller.

Space is the viewless, endless, fathomless robe of spirit.

Truly great men are clear in their thinking.

Judas left Christ. Christ did not leave Judas.

An echo is about the emptiest thing in God's universe.

Begin with God and end with heaven.

The only miracle which Jesus ever wrought in his own behalf was when he rose again.

What I like about Theodore Roosevelt is the fact that he is willing to fight.

Parlor car religion will never paralyze iniquity.

Nothing good ever fails. Nothing evil ever succeeds.

Great thoughts make great thinkers. Great actions make great heroes.

That school teacher did a good season's work who taught William Shakespeare how to write.

The most positive thing in the universe is life; the most vital thing in the universe is truth.

The mind is the measure of a man;
The heart is the measure of a woman.

There is only one day and that day is today.

Barbarism is built on selfishness.
civilization is built on brotherhood.

You cannot serve God and mammon,
but you can serve God with mammon.

I would rather have a hard shell Baptist
than a soft shell Congregationalist.

A good man is never so near God as
when an evil world is frowning upon him.

The patriotism of Jesus had no geographical limits. He loved the world.

An infidel exclaimed: "Religion is all moonshine." But I have found it all sunshine.

He is a true historian who can detect
and connote the ground swell of history.

The mothers can direct our civilization
if they wish to.

When a Theologian does not agree
with a brother theologian, the last thing
he is tempted to say about him is:
"He is no theologian."

Mrs. Stetson predicts that Mrs. Eddy
will rise again. May be. There is no
telling what a woman will do.

If there is a crack in the foundation
there will be a crack in the wall.

God takes no chances. He creates
one thousand seeds to every possible
tree.

Never "count noses," count the eyes
there are more of them.

Better be in the lime-light than in
cold storage.

Necessary evils are not necessary.

The problems of our civilization are
city problems.

A preacher may have a great reputation
and not be a great preacher.

Some men have advanced on Tomorrow
before their neighbors have finished
yesterday.

One of the difficulties which we are called upon to face is to live up to a good photograph.

God is proficient in all languages. He can understand a Hottentot as easily as an English earl.

THE MODEL CHURCH

Well, wife, I've found the model church,
And worshiped there today;
It made me think of good old times
Before my hair was gray;
The meeting house was finer built
Than they were years ago;
But then I found when I went in
It was not built for show.

The sexton did not set me down
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor;
He must have been a Christian man—
He led me boldly through
The crowded aisle of that grand church,
To find a pleasant pew

I wish you'd heard the singing, wife;
It had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice,
"Let all the people sing;"
Old "Coronation" was the tune,
The music upward rolled,
Until I thought the angel-choir,
Struck all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all!"

I tell you, wife, it did me good,
To sing that song once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner,
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather beaten form,
And anchor safely in the port,
Forever from the storm.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth.
To win immortal souls to Christ
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself or creed,
But Jesus crucified!

Well, wife, the toll will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canan's happy land,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;
There'll be no parting there!"
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no parting there!"

This Evening

Feb. 8, 1914, at 7 o'clock

DR. GORDON

Will Preach on the Subject

"The Club Life of Winnipeg"

Mr. Frederick Irving,

The New York Baritone,

Will Sing Twice at this Evening's Service

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